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MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with unfailing regu-
larity in the Best Homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program complete?

Welcome to the State Fair

RICHMOND greets to-day the visitors from
Virginia and her neighboring Com-
monwealths here to attend the State Fair.
Despite the European war and financial de-
pression and the troubles of the cotton and
tobacco growers and all the other "slings
and arrows of outrageous fortune" that in
these perilous times menace our happiness
and prosperity, there will be more visitors
to this fair, unless signs fail, than to any of
its predecessors. The city welcomes them,
every one.

Out at the Fair Grounds elaborate prepa-
ration has been made for the enter-
tainment and instruction of our guests. If
the weather man is even reasonably kind,
they ought all to have a good time and carry
home a more intimate acquaintance with the
products and industries of old Virginia. To
foster and enlarge this acquaintance is, after
all, the best and highest purpose the State
Fair can serve—the most valuable gift it
can confer on Virginia's sons and daughters.

Paying Europe and "Buy-a-Bale"

THERE is a curious parallel between the
Richmond "buy-a-bale" plan to relieve
the cotton growers of the South and the plan
advocated by John Skelton Williams, Com-
ptroller of the Currency, for liquidating the
debt this country owes to Europe. The Rich-
mond species of the "buy-a-bale" movement
is to accept cotton in payment of debts due
Richmond merchants; Mr. Williams' method
of discharging the huge indebtedness to for-
eign holders of American securities is with
credits growing out of American products
sold to the world.

These views of the Comptroller of the
Currency were expressed in the speech made
by him a few days ago to the Indiana Bank-
ers' Association. He said that if Europe
wants to dispose of the billions of dollars' worth
of American securities it now holds, it must
take its pay in American merchandise. "It is
preposterous," he declared, "to talk of taking
all these securities back at once and paying for
them in gold."

Pay Europe in merchandise, pay Richmond
in cotton, but with Richmond folks putting
up the cash that is to be turned over to
Richmond merchants. Certainly the two
things have at least a family resemblance.

No Banquets for Them

HALF a dozen New York organizations, ac-
customed to hold annual banquets, have
decided they will eliminate these functions
this year, because of the war in Europe, and
devote the money to the work of the Red
Cross or some other agency for the relief of
suffering.

It is a wise and pious thought. In the
case of some of the organizations, like the
Canadian Society, St. Andrew's Society and
others, which have as their basis of mem-
bership a present or former connection with
some part of the British empire, it is manifestly
improper that they should feast while their
kinsmen fight and die.

But whether the nonbanqueting societies
owe allegiance or reverence to King George
or other warrior prince, or reach their de-
cision on some other account and through
some other process of reasoning, the conclu-
sion itself is all right. The ordinary formal
dinner usually is responsible for internecine
wars all its own, the battle ground being the
interior arrangements of the diners. More-
over, it implies attention to the half-baked
thoughts and venerable quips of various after-
linner orators.

New York is fortunate, and this war is not
wholly bad, after all.

Earning the Enemy's Liking

NO British general is held by his country-
men in more affectionate regard nor by
the world in higher esteem than Lord
Roberts. Over a long period of years, in
many parts of the empire, he did valiant
service. The position so won lends special
emphasis to the words of advice and warning
that this brave soldier and gallant gentleman
addresses to the British nation. He says:

May I give a word of caution to my
countrymen against the unorthodox practice
of "killing the Boer"? Let us avoid what
Kipling during the Boer War described as
"killing Kruger with our mouths." Let us rather devote all
our energies to defeating our foe in the
superior fighting of adequate
numbers of British soldiers in the open
field. When we read the charges against
German troops let us remember that
gross charges, absolutely untrue, were
brought against our own brave soldiers
fighting in South Africa, but whether
the charges are true or not, let us keep
our own hands clean and let us fight
against the Germans in such a way as
to earn their liking as well as their respect.

If this caution is necessary in England, it
is scarce less so in this country. It is in-
conceivable that all the stories of German
atrocities with which we are regaled should
be true. It is far more likely that the in-
dividual brutalities of some drink-crazed sol-
diers, grossly exaggerated, have been im-
puted to a whole army and a whole people.
"Let us fight against the Germans in such
a way as to earn their liking as well as their
respect," says "Little Boats." That may
sound incongruous, but it is by no means
impossible, as the history of Lord
Roberts's own campaign in South Africa and
of its aftermath abundantly testifies. One
of the leaders of the Boers in that war is
now Premier of South Africa, and the em-
pire has no more loyal defender than Gen-
eral Botha. A few days ago he addressed
a great meeting of Boers in the Transvaal,
justified the sending of South African troops
to aid the imperial government, and pleaded
for unhesitating support. The news reports
say "the speech was received by the Boers
with vociferous cheers, and a resolution of
confidence in General Botha was carried by
acclamation."

Evidently it was some such result as this
that Lord Roberts had in mind.

Pity for Stricken Belgium

HOWEVER in this most terrible of all
wars one's sympathies may incline,
whether one stands with Germany and prays
for the triumph of the Kaiser's arms or hopes
that Prussian militarism will suffer just retri-
bution, it is impossible to suppress a thrill
of pity for stricken Belgium.

It had neither part nor interest in those
jealousies and antagonisms of the great
powers through which war was evolved. It
desired only to maintain its neutrality—to
spare its people and its soil the toll it has
been taught by dreadful experience that war
exact. It remembered the Napoleonic wars
and Waterloo and all its turbulent earlier
history. It understood that invasion by
either France or Germany would transform
its farms and villages into battlefields.

How well, indeed, it did understand! The
German invasion, stoutly and heroically re-
sisted, saw the realization of all its fears.
Belgian towns are in ashes, towering minis-
ters that Gothic genius reared have crum-
bled and fallen, the whole country is laid
waste.

It is a curious commentary on human na-
ture that, of all its enemies, save perhaps
England, Germany is most bitter against
Belgium. It hates with most virulence the
nation whose neutrality it guaranteed and
then violated, and which by its own con-
fession it has cruelly wronged. However ably,
honestly and successfully the Kaiser and his
advisers can justify their other acts of war,
for this at least there must come a day of
reckoning.

Can You Say a Judge Was Drunk?

BECAUSE the Goldsboro Record accused
Judge R. B. Peebles, of North Carolina,
of various indiscretions, including—

- (a) Taking a drink of whiskey every ten minutes, while playing cards at a hotel;
- (b) Becoming so drunk that he was not able to tell his own room from that of an officer of his court;
- (c) Going to sleep on the bench and pro-
fanely reproving the person who awakened
him; and
- (d) Not being fit to be judge—

the editors and publishers of the paper have
been haled before the court, tried for con-
tempt, found guilty and sentenced to pay a
fine of \$500 and spend sixty days in jail. In
the exercise of his judicial functions, Judge
Peebles found all the charges that had been
made against him by the contumacious editors
to have been false, but he was especially in-
dignant over Specification D, that he held
to be entirely without foundation.

The editors have appealed from the deci-
sion of Judge Peebles, and the State waits in
breathless interest for the finding of the
higher tribunal. It is reported, and current-
ly accepted as true, that Tarheel journalists
are sharpening their pencils, and that, if the
Supreme Court finds in favor of their pro-
fessional brethren, they expect to make a few
happy remarks of their own about some
judges they do not particularly admire.

Can a judge be drunk, however? Of
course, such a misfortune is possible to per-
sons in other walks of life, but it seems hard-
ly conceivable in the case of a high judicial
officer in a prohibition State. Surely the
editors were mistaken about those drinks
every ten minutes.

The Mexican Peace Conference

WHATSOEVER may be said of the rank and
file of the Mexican armies, it must be
conceded that the generals are earnest and
convinced fighters. So great is their respect
for their business and their confidence in one
another that we are told they attended the
recent peace conference carrying all their
personal arsenals.

Anybody who wants to conclude from this
that Mexico will not, for a long time to
come, relinquish the national ptime of
revolution is at perfect liberty to, nor will it
be easy to confute him. Where there are
generals—in Mexico, at least—there will al-
ways be a supply of troops who find fighting
a more profitable occupation than they be-
lieve voting would be, besides being rather
more exciting.

But this "folkway" of the gentle Mexicans
is not fundamentally different to the record
of the beginnings of other nations, and will
no doubt become obsolescent in Mexico as it
has elsewhere. He was a shrewd observer
who said that, although the Mexicans were
not yet quite grown up, they were emerging
from childhood.

The allies are said to be planning the
destruction of the great Krupp works at
Essen in revenge for the Germans' ruthless
treatment of Belgian and French cathedrals.
As Krupp guns are responsible in large part
for what happened to the cathedrals, the
destruction of the works would be a sort of
poetic justice.

The "made-in-America" movement is gain-
ing popularity all over the country. The
thing to do now is to be sure that the slogan
is imprinted only on those articles that are
better made in this country than they can
be anywhere else.

The Commoner advocates the establish-
ment of a restroom in each of the small
towns of the country. It is evident that
when Mr. Bryan last visited a small town
he failed to peek through the door of the
village store.

The statement of the Austrian ambassador
that the Russian attack has been uniformly
unsuccessful is borne out by the report that
Vienna is preparing for a siege.

Possibly that tango dancer who turned
out to be a thief had hands that were
jealous of the nimbleness of his feet.

His silence on the Maine election is more
interesting than anything T. R. could say.

SONGS AND SAWS

Cheer Up!
What's the use of wasting time,
What's the reason of the rhyme
In repining?
Somewhere perfumed breezes blow,
Somewhere purring brooklets flow,
Stars are shining.
Should the girl that you love best
Ask you to give her a rest—
Send a mitten—
Let the foolish damsel slide,
There are many more beside
That young kitten.

Don't you think that all is o'er,
Don't believe there's nothing more
Friend and brother;
For the fish are in the sea,
Just as good will always be—
Get another.

Uncle Zack's Philosophy.
Ah! wuck and no play make Jack a dull boy,
but me or do Jack ain't know an gvine be
made dull in dat fashion. Ef playin would make
um sharp dey could git a job as a paper er
neclees.

Minding His Daddy.
A little boy of our acquaintance dashed madly
out of the pantry the other day with one hand
behind his back and his jaws working con-
vulsively. His mother came downstairs just in
time to prevent his exit to the street.
"Have you been eating another apple?" she
asked.
There was no response, but the boy's jaws
worked on.

"Have you been eating another apple?" re-
peated the mother, with the rising inflection and
increased emphasis that mothers employ on such
occasions.
Still no response, but more chewing.
"Why don't you answer me?" demanded the
indignant parent.

The boy made one final effort, gulped and
spoke:
"Well, mother," he said, "you know daddy
always tells me never to talk when my mouth's
full."

Sure She's Right.
Germany is explaining still that the superior-
ity of her brand of culture justifies any means
of defeating her enemies. She is like the school-
teacher who promised to make a pupil learn
his lesson, even if he had to be killed in the
process.

Helping Out.
Little drops of water,
Little bits of clay,
Make the sticky puddle
That lies in our way.

Huh!
If I can't go on high,
Then I'll be lonesome when I die.
It will be tiresome up there, gee!
With no one but T. R. and me.
—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pretty sad, we'll agree,
If one could take you seriously;
But seeing you are such a kiddier,
Shove over; here comes Herman Ridder.
—New York Telegram.

Just you two there along with Ted—
Jehoshaphat! It would be dead;
But fortune rarely loves to save us—
For Ted himself would be on the train.
Bunch up; here comes R. Harding Davis.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

But one other's sure to rise
To mansions in the starry skies;
Where Editor Ben Fisher sits and sings:
For Ted himself would be on the train.
Were Perkins missing from the train.
—THE TATTLER.

What's haunting the conscience of Editor
George Greene, of the Clifton Forge Review?
Without any apparent provocation, cause, this
sombre reflection appears in his editorial col-
umn: "There are times when every man is a
deep-eyed villain in his thoughts." Why this
harsh, self-lacerating comment on the eve of
the glad State Fair season? Come to the big
show and cheer up.

How different this psalm of joy, which rises
from the sanctum of the Eastern Shore Herald,
where Editor Ben Fisher sits and sings:
"The frost is on the pumpkin vine, and Hay-
monds are getting fat. Who can hurt an East-
ern Shoreman, when he has an abundance of
the finest salted up; the waters filled with the
succulent oysters, and his kitchen full of sweet
potatoes; his hogs in the pens, his poultry on
the yard? We of the Shore can sit down to a ban-
quet every day during the winter months, and
high prices cannot seriously hurt us. For these
blessings let us be truly thankful!"

And yet, the same editor, on the Clifton
Forge to Eastville, on the eve of the State Fair
season, sings:
"The misty drop has been seriously injured by
the drought," the Newport News Press re-
marks, dolorously. Aye, and the frost that is on
the julep is a killing frost.

This facetious paragraph from the Halifax
Gazette:
"Smooth-Paving Expert to Be Employed by
City," the Tee-Dee tells us. "Scusing the hyphen,
aren't all experts rather smooth?"
To be sure. That's what makes 'em experts
and justifies the headline quoted.

The rose by another name does not smell as
sweet, the Roanoke News-World argues in this
protest:
"Following the example of the Czar in chang-
ing St. Petersburg to Petrograd, the French have
changed eau de Cologne to eau de pologne. Such
a change will make no difference in the per-
fume's quality, but it will make a lot of differ-
ence in people's feelings. No man or woman
can use pologne with peace of mind. We can
stand Petrograd all right, but we draw the line
on this invasion. No pologne for us!"

Referred to the editor of the Newport News
Times-Herald, who contended once upon a time
that an editor has no right to smell of anything
except tobacco.

"The railway managers are finding that it costs
money to blow a railway whistle," the Peter-
burg Index-Appeal informs us. At last the ori-
gin of the colloquialism "blowing in," as applied
to the expenditure of money, is uncovered.

"A Berlin dispatch recites that Kaiser Wil-
helm has decorated German soldiers to the num-
ber of 38,000 with the Iron Cross, but the prob-
abilities are that the aggregate is upwards of
100,000 of those whose graves will not be marked
by even so much as a wooden cross," says the
Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. Whence the bill was not
inspired the reflection that the European war
might have been averted if the nations had not
been so industrious in their attempts to decorate
one another with the double-cross.

While the planters of Cuba have been
raising too much tobacco,
the farmers in the South have
been growing too much cotton.
A mighty cry for the reduction
of cotton acreage is now going
up from all over the South, and the farmers are
being urged to diversify their crops. It is pretty
generally agreed that with a material reduction

in acreage the cotton would be worth as much
as when there is a bumper production, and the
farmers could grow more of the staples which
under the one-crop system, they are compelled
to buy. But for the unfavorable weather con-
ditions last spring Kentucky this year would have
grown a bumper tobacco crop, with a dubious
prospect for marketing it. Tobacco and cotton
cannot be eaten. They will not sustain life when
they cannot be sold, as is the case with the cereals
and other food crops. It is the height of
folly for a farmer to grow cotton or tobacco
to the virtual exclusion of other crops.—Louis-
ville Courier-Journal.

It is not easy to understand the
psychology of the expression, "I
am sick of war news." It seems
hardly its possible, that any one
for All Time should be so narrow in his in-
terests, as lacking in human sym-
pathy as to become surfeited with the details of
one of the most portentous crises of humanity.
Not merely generalities, but particulars to come,
will dwell upon the present clash of nations.
Libraries will be written upon it, lives spent in
its study. It will be the source of inspiration
to countless millions, and thousands of the wise
or no-wiser will deduce conclusions from it for
the guidance of mankind. Imagination and intel-
lection will enrich themselves from its slightest
episodes. The effects are incalculable. The phys-
ical aspects of civilization, now scarred and
blackened and presently to be beautified and
adorned on account of it, only testify the abase-
ment and glorifications which the soul of the
world will undergo. Yet there are people to
whom destiny has granted the supreme privi-
lege of being temporary observers of the strug-
gle, holders of front seats at the spectacle of
the ages, sharers of its grand emotions, who still
turn away from it, not from agony or horror,
but apparently from sheer blasé indifference.—
New York Sun.

The military operations on the north of the
James, below Richmond, on the quiet
yesterday, and possessed but little of interest.
At intervals during the morning there were
sounds of cannonading which proceeded from
the Confederate fleet in James River, which
was shelling the new positions occupied by the
enemy.

The Federals still hold Fort Harrison, and
are strengthening their works there. They are
also fortifying at the place on the Darbytown
road, five miles below Richmond, known as
"Enterprise," and formerly owned by Jacob
S. Allen.

The conduct of the invading enemy in
Henrico County varies very much. In some
instances they rob the people of their supplies,
and do it at the point of the bayonet or pistol,
and in other instances they show consideration
and pay the cash for all they take from the
suffering people.

The report that George D. Pleasant, sheriff
of Henrico County, had been captured by the
enemy was incorrect. Squadra visited his home
twice for the purpose of effecting his capture,
they seeming very anxious to get him in prison,
but each time he succeeded in making his escape,
and is now in Richmond safe from harm.

In the front of Petersburg the efforts of the
Federal cavalry to make a break in our lines
to the left were defeated on Thursday. On
Friday, however, they made a more serious and
more successful movement. An entire corps of
infantry, with cavalry support and considerable
artillery, fell upon our works on the William
Peebles farm, on the Squibb Level Road, a
mile and a half west of the enemy's original
lines, and by force of numbers succeeded, after
a sharp engagement, in dislodging our troops.

On Saturday Fort McRae and a portion of
our line of breastworks in front of Petersburg
fell into the hands of the enemy. We lost one
piece of artillery and several hundred prisoners.
Saturday afternoon the engagement was
renewed on the Petersburg front, where in the
morning we lost ground, and, reinforcements
coming up in good time, the enemy was driven
back, and nearly all of the lost ground
recovered. In the assault a large number of
prisoners were taken. Some put the number
at 1,200.

Among the casualties in Saturday's fight in
front of Petersburg were Colonel Booker, of
South Carolina, killed; Colonel McCray, of South
Carolina, killed; Colonel Barbour, of North
Carolina, slightly wounded.

Dr. John Fontaine, killed in the fight at
Hampton's medical director.

Sunday there was but little done in front of
Petersburg or on the north side of the James
below Richmond, except heavy skirmishing here
and there along the lines.

We learn that General G. T. Beauregard has
been placed in command of the whole Southern
district of the Confederacy, including Georgia,
Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana. He
now commands the armies of Generals Hood and
Dick Taylor.

Gossip from "Down Home"

"There is a fine turnip crop in this section this
season," says the Sanford Express. "That ought
to compensate somewhat for the troubles caused
by the indisposition of King Cotton."

There is no trouble, apparently, with the North
Carolina tobacco crop in the section of which
Kinston is the center. "The tobacco sales in
Kinston Monday were almost six times as large
as considered a fair break for Mondays last sea-
son," says the Kinston Free Press. "The pre-
vailing prices are satisfactory, and are said by
tobaccoists to be up to the average when qual-
ity is considered. The tobacco growers are
living along the highways and principal streets
of ingress to the warehouses in the city, are
being nightly 'disturbed' by the passing tobacco
baggage and carts, but there has been no com-
plaint for the commodity, and those bringing it
are welcome visitors, night or day."

"American manufacturers now have ample
protection from the pauper-made goods of Eu-
rope," says the Newbern Sun, "yet we shall not
accuse the tariff of making the tariff. There is
no, brother, but the Republican party will ac-
cuse the Democratic tariff of causing the war."

The Raleigh Times is strenuously against the
street carnival, and it exults that Rocky Mount
has placed a ban on this particular form of
municipal entertainment. "Of all ordinary de-
moralizing attractions, the carnival, so-called,
takes the palm," says the Times. "The experi-
ence of most municipalities is that with a car-
nival in town, one must keep his hand on his
pocketbook and have the sheriff handy. There
is not a town in North Carolina bad enough to
tolerate a carnival, and it is to be hoped that
none will. Let the gents who conduct these
things keep traveling." That's plain talk, any-
how.

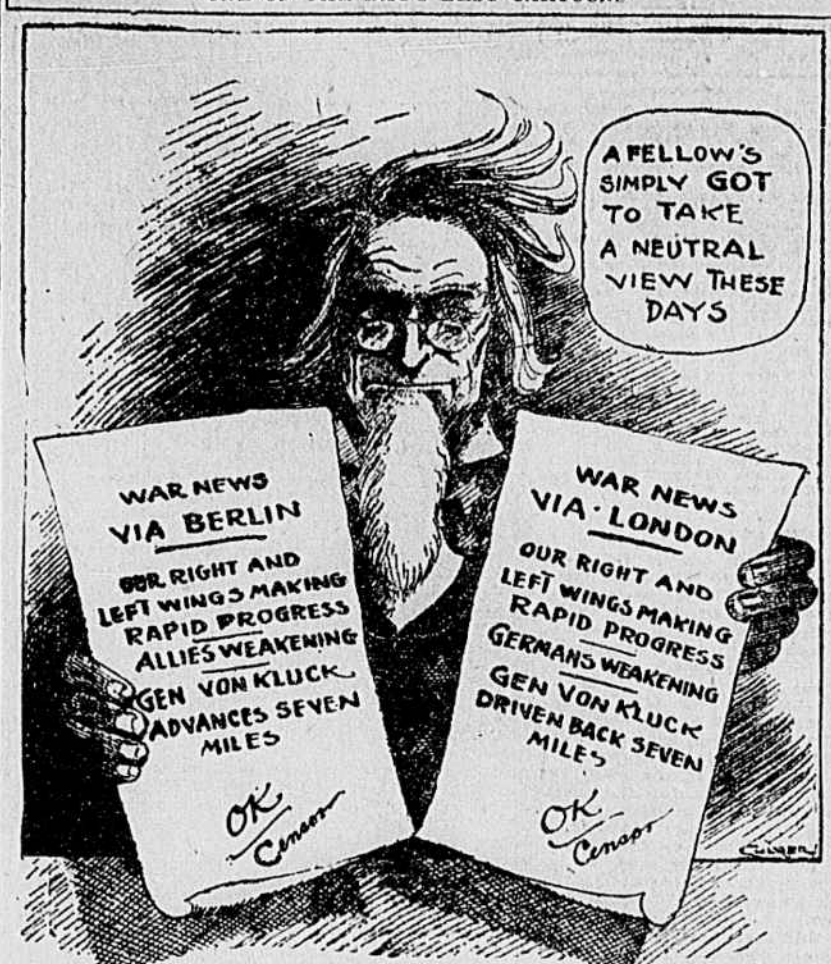
The Novelty's Consolation.
"How did your novel come out?"
"Well," replied the self-confident man, "it
proved beyond a doubt that it isn't one of
these trashy best sellers."—Washington Star.

With the Clerk's Help.
"So your work is monotonous, is it? Why
don't you get a job in a shoe store?"
"Something new going on all the time."—Bos-
ton Transcript.

Parried.
She was very much in love with him, and one
evening, when they were alone, she asked:
"Frank, tell me truly; you have kissed other
girls, haven't you?"
"Yes," replied the young man, "but no one
you know."—New York Times.

NO CHOICE

ONE OF THE DAYS BEST CARTOONS



HOW THE KING'S OWN FOUGHT

LONDON, October 4.—The first
connected narrative of the severe fight-
ing in which the King's Own Royal
Lancashire Regiment was engaged,
when it killed and wounded the reg-
iment had eleven officers put out of
action, is told by a sergeant of the
regiment who has just arrived.

The King's Own with the Lan-
cashire Fusiliers and the Middlesex
Regiment were ordered to move in re-
treat of part of the allied forces from
Mons. On Tuesday, August 25, they
left the position in which they had
been intrenched to take new ground,
and were marching at daybreak between
Camdral and Le Cateau. Several thou-
sand Frenchmen and a Highland reg-
iment had passed down their lines
when the King's Own were taking
breakfast, the German artillery moved
forth. Several shells fell in the vicinity
of the trenches without doing much
harm, but the enemy's artillery was
much superior in numbers to that of
the allies, and they poured in a heavy
shrapnel before the English were
able to speak. There was no
doubt either about the enemy's range
finding, and under cover of the guns,
the King's Own got to the second
stage of the engagement while
shouting encouragement to his men.
Fighting continued furiously until
3.30 o'clock. Then there was a lull,
and the enemy, seemingly reinforced,
made good their advance, and another
five hours' desperate conflict ensued.

The allies fought the advance inch
by inch, fighting becoming so close that
the King's Own got to the third stage
of the engagement while shouting
encouragement to his men. Fighting
continued furiously until 3.30 o'clock.
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